

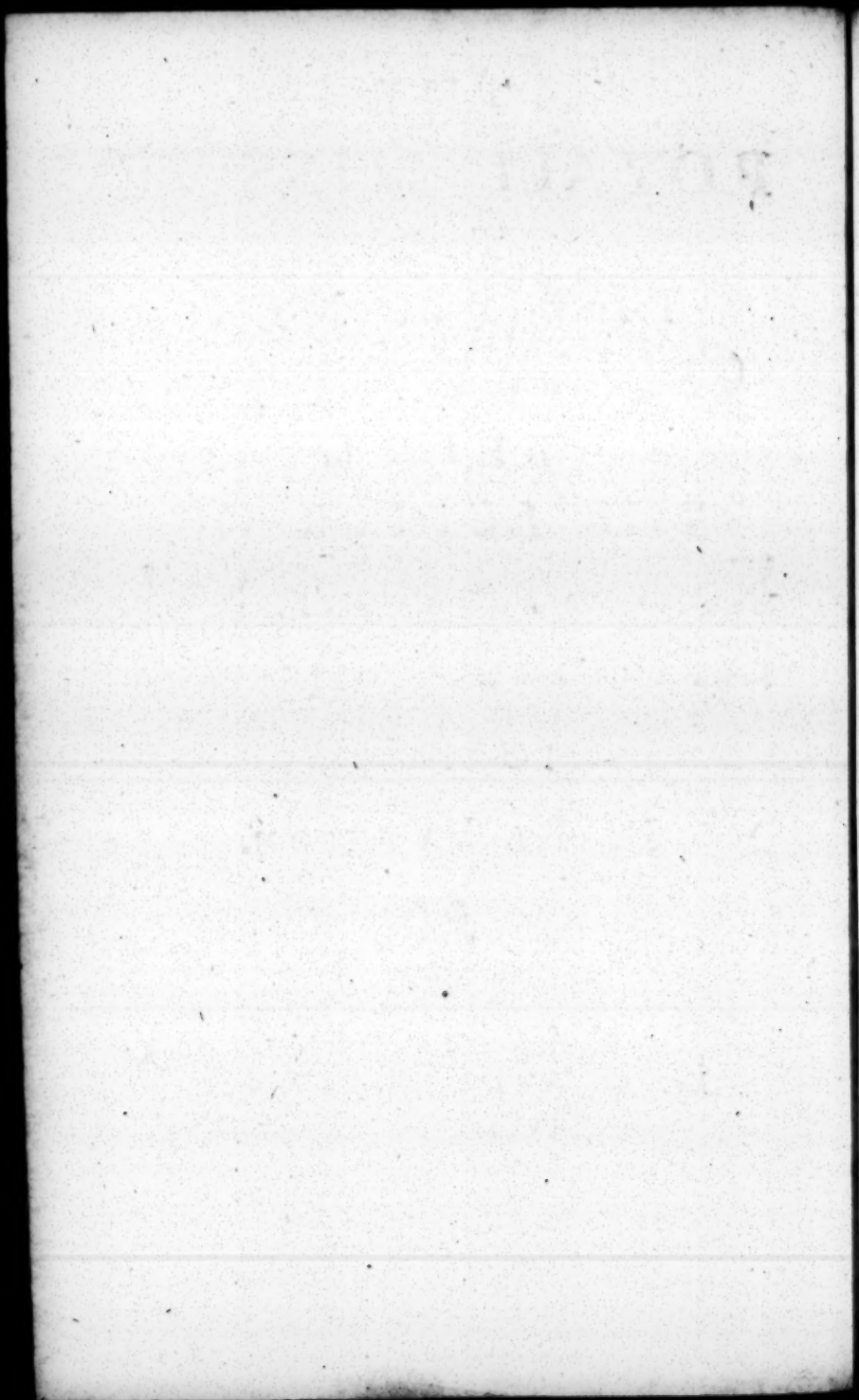
THE  
ROYALL MISSIVE  
TO  
THE PRINCE  
OF VVALES,  
BEING  
THE LETTER OF  
K. CHARLES I.

IN PART METRICALLY PARA-  
PHRASED, FOR ESSAY  
VNTO THE REST.

By R. VVATSON.



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# The Royall Missive.

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To the Prince of VVales.

SON,

If my *Papers* at your hand arrive,  
Wherein by *Conscience Counsell* I contrive;  
Rallie my private thoughts, and in array  
My forces ready for your march display,  
Proof-armed, & by sound *Experience* taught  
How to keep ground, retreat, how to assau't;  
Advance *yours* by *my Iudgement* to the field,  
Where *Piety* must be your *sword* and *shield*;  
Guide you in *fight*, and *parlie*, to redresse  
What now *doe's*, or hereafter *may*, you presse:

I wing the heavie *Houres*, and cleare the skie  
From the cloud of *restraint* and *injurie*;  
Through my immantled *soul* see brighter day  
Then's ushed by the messenger of *May*,  
In these light-streaming lines, which o're the  
hill

Shew me your future *triumph* by my skill,  
When neither *Son*, nor *Subject*, sure, will guesse  
The measure of the *Cause* by my *successe*,  
Convinc'd by yours; nor in opinion state

*My*

# 4      *The Royall Miffive.*

*My Iudgement*, as my *Warre*, unfortunate;  
So, yet more thought so for your sake, &  
theirs,

With my selfe *Rivall*, you my *Love's* coheires;  
The weights of whose afflictions presse me  
downe

Deeper in sense, and sadnesse, then mine owne,  
From a *false title* to my *suffering*,  
Because I am your *father*, and their *King*.

But from most *Princes* have you *Wisdomes*  
prife

Won, by encountring early miseries;  
And with deare-bought *Experience* crown'd  
those yeeres

Spent in beguiling pleasures by your *Peeres*;  
Praetis'd your *armes*, and *patience* exercis'd;  
So that by no *Chance* can you be surpris'd,  
For want of *Iudgement's* guard, in your *escape*  
Secure, taught future cautele by my *rape*.

In this black scile, & season, doe you plant  
*Polittike Vertues*, manure *Morall*, dant  
Slow *Expectation*; turne *loy* into *Rage*  
At full grow'n *Pietie* in *pillage*.

So shoot up winter-*scians*, more streight, &  
cleane,

Then in warme *Sun-shine* set, or times *serene*.

In dayes of *peace* and *plenty* *Princes* courts  
No *Paradises* are, but *scenes* of sports,  
VVhere

# The Royall Misſive. 5

Where *Vertue* take's no root, & *Pleasure* weave's  
 But *Honour's* counterfeit in ſilken leaves;  
 Frame's language to put off, with diſrepute,  
 Empty *formalities* for reall fruit,  
 That ſterve the *Publ. ke*, to which *Kings ſonnes*  
*knowe*

Their yeares, by *birth*, and *Providence*, they  
 owe.

That *Royall couple*, by the ſacred pen  
 Recorded, neither *Kings* alike, nor *men*;  
 Give's us a proſpect of th' *inchanting power*;  
 Which *blowe's* the *Græd fire's*, *blaſt's y<sup>e</sup> Nephew's*  
*flower.*

\* The ſon of *Ieſſe* that ſtep't firſt with his *sling* \* *The*  
 Toward the *Court* and *tire* of a *King*, *Para*  
 Met, though the *Giant* fell by the ſmall ſtone, *phraſt*  
 Troups of *Miſſ- fortune*, for that happy one; *here*  
 Steep mountaines climb'd for a concealing *take's*  
 clowd, *the*  
*liber-*

And in darke caves did *Innocency* ſhrowd, *ty of*  
 Vntill, fledg'd in *afflictions*, and high-flow'n *ſome*  
 He fetch't from *Heav'n* the *laurell* with his *en-*  
*Crown*, *large-*  
*ment*

Maintaind by *sword* and *Vertue*, but entail'd *out*  
 To one who, fraught with *Wiſdome*, by *Will of ſa-*  
 fail'd; *cred*

Become heire of vaſt *wealsh*, & war-got leiſu- *Hi-*  
*re*, *ſta-*  
*tie,*

Traſſiq't

# 6      *The Royall Missive.*

Traffiq't for new-found *fancies*, unknow'n  
*pleasure*;

Chang'd th' *iron Chariot* for an *ivory Throne*;  
 On *silver* trod instead of *sand* and *stone*;  
 Walk't under bending *Cedars* clasp't with gold,  
 While globes of *Incense* through his *Palace*  
 roll'd;

As many *wives* and *women* had, as *wishes*;  
 More *tables* furnish't, then his father *dishes*.  
 His *ships*, with *armes*, and *horses*, plough'd y<sup>e</sup>  
*Maine*,

Brought *Apes* too, and y<sup>e</sup> bird with *starry*  
*traine*.

The *Infant heire*, in beds of softest downe,  
 Slept out the boding sorrowes of a *Crowne*;  
 Chapletts of *roses* bound his youthfull brow,  
 While *wine* and *joyes* his bowles did overflow;  
 Intrancing *musike* dayly charm'd his eare;  
 In streames of *oyle* and *whispers* did he heare  
 All *sycophantike* language, not once told,  
 The *yong Prince*, as *yong Peasant*, must grow  
*old*.

In these rich *soses & sweets* *Rehoboam* bred  
 His *honour*, *peace*, and *Crowne*, halfe forfeited  
 To his *green Sages* rashnes, and those *flies*  
 That stick to glorious *Princes* with press'd  
*thighes*

And



## *The Royall Miſſive.* 7

And cripled knees, much like ſuch *ſummer*  
creatures

As in ripe fruit deſtroy the faireſt features,  
Till *Autumne's* chaſing blaſts do 'em diſſeiſe,  
As a *miſſ-fortune* ſpied give's wings to theſe.

I had rather (which my *Heart* ſpeake's by  
my *Hand*)

That you ſhould *Charles le Bon* be, then *le*  
*Grand*;

Yet I, hope, deſtin'd to my *Royall* ſeat,  
God will both *Charles the good* make, and  
*ye Great*,

Call'd in the *dawning* of your *Age*, to try  
With *Nature's* Champions *Grace's* chivalry;  
And by *Heav'n's* influence ſubdue the miſts  
That to delude your ſenſe poſſeſſe the liſts;  
The guerdon to which conqueſt of your mind,  
Will be, to have it ſteadily inclin'd

To the imployment of thoſe *ſacred powers*  
Deſcended on you with the *blooming Flowers*;  
By their full ſtrength and luſter to maintaine  
Your peoples *wellfare*, & their *love* to gaine.

With *God* begin and end, whoſe *Vaſſalls* are,  
All *Kings*, each *Scepter* ſubject to ſome *ſtarre*,  
Wherein its *Fortune* wind's or low, or high,  
By an *eccentrike regularitie*,

Till, at accompliſh'd *numbers*, it the ſame  
With ſilent *thunder* ſtrikes, or unſeen *flame*,  
VVhich

## 8      *The Royall Misfire.*

Which a lowd *summon* is, and blazing *light*,  
 For him to reach a *Crowne*, that ha's no *right*,  
 Whom the *Disposer Sovereigne* may too  
 Give a *short turne*, and then *eternize* you;  
 For all the *Kings* and *Kingdomes* of the World  
 Are by him *calmed*, or in *tempests* hurld;  
 And *crownes* in *lines* descend not, nor are given,  
 But by *Fate* wrap't up in the fold of *Heaven*.

The highest *Monarchie* you can attaine  
 Is, to account y<sup>e</sup> *World's*, your *Sovereigne*;  
 That you may copie right the *Royall Art*  
 By the sway of his *scepter* in your *heart*,  
 That *scepter* which by word proclaime's his will,  
 By *spirit* incline's gently to fulfill.

*Princes* true glory is God's to advance  
 In holy worship, and *Church maintenance*;  
 By ciuile power to oblige or release,  
 With *justice, honour*, dues to publike *Peace*.

Auspicious *Votes* payd at the *Altar* may  
 Vnveile your *Morning* for a glorious *Day*;  
 At least keep up the *cloud* before her eyes  
 From *breaking stormes*, *dethroning Miseries*;  
 Though with the *VVretched* shall I not enroll  
 Him that, y<sup>e</sup> *field & Crowne* lost, save's his soul.  
 Vnto which center of true *Happinesse*,  
 I trust, the *All-directour* doe's addresse  
 These black lines of *Affliction*, from each arch  
 Of *Miserie's* circumference that march

Through



## The Royall Mifive. 99

Through my *soul's* circlet, & me *captive* lead  
To *Conquest*, where, turn'd *rayes*, they 'll deck  
my head.

You have already *Kiss'd* the *Cup*, but I  
Have *congie*s quaff't of *King-calamitie*,  
Which though it in the hollow of each *veine*  
A tempest beate, and *sympathetike* paine  
Raife in my *Spirit-Palace*, yet I call  
Heav'n's *Panace* or safe *Antimoniall*.

Before all, if not, as *Hope* suggest's, done;  
Ground a firme *Quadrat*e for *Religion*,  
On which no *slight* *Shaft* or *Pillaster* set,  
With the late-fancied *foliage*, or *fret*;  
But such as *English Architects* have told  
Supported the *Church-Edifice* of old,  
When *Rome* on no *Grotisque*, or *Antike*, stood,  
But on *Heav'n's Atlas*, a \* *Colosse* of blood;  
*Greece* not in *ruines*, and *amazement*, lay,  
The *marble* softned by her *teares* to *clay*,  
Which *Ancient Pile of Glory* I best thought  
By the *Britannike Modellers* new-wrought,  
Wherein you have *beauteous* proportions seen  
With *others eyes*, but now mult judge between  
*Conscience* and *Custom*e, with your *Reason* try  
What *Fayth* can reach short of *Credulity*.  
So shall the choice be *yours*, not, as before,  
The practice, on *mine*, or the *Bishops*, score.  
In it, thus rais'd, I charge you *persevere*.

*Christ*  
on the  
*Crosse*,  
and  
the  
holy  
*Mary*.  
tyrs  
that  
support  
ed the  
Pri-  
mi-  
ve  
*Chur-*  
ch by  
their  
suffe-  
rings.

B

As

10      *The Royall Missive.*

As the divinest *Oracles* most neare  
 Approa ching, for pure doctrine, & the *Prime*  
*Church order* drawing downe to moderne time,  
 Somewhat amended, which I often have  
 Express'd, and offer'd, but none hearing gave,  
 That you should *fixed in Religion* be,  
 Ha's no more uncontroll'd necessitie  
 For your *souls*, then your *Kingdomes* lasting  
*peace*,  
 When your warres, & now - forced *travailes*,  
 cease.

Since the *rebellious Devils* turne *Divine*,  
 And in shape of *Reforming Angels* shine.  
 Now the old gliding *Serpent* goe's upright,  
 Pretending from darke *shades* to new - sprung  
*light*.

When Conscience *Faction* and *sedition* cries,  
 Song with *Religion* stop her mouth, and *Lies*;  
 When Piety *Patience* pleades, and *Peace*, their  
 peal  
 Of *Fury* ring's, out nought but *Armes* and  
*Zeale*;

So that unlesse the root well - earthed bee,  
 The *Wind*, that seeme's to *kisse*, will *shake*, the  
 Tree.

Nor shall you want *Religion*'s tempting  
 powers  
 To *Reforme*, that is, *Ruine* you and yours :

For

# The Royall Miffive. II

For when the worst in *treason* would combine,  
 They find nought better blancheth the *design*;  
 Where, beside new invention, which affords not  
 The vulgar *changing* fancies, each project shall  
 Himselfe a share in the *Great Worke*, the name  
 Of a *Reformer*, to conceale his *shame*,  
 Which, self-convicted turne's to *impudence*,  
 Of censure, with feign'd *zeale* out-fa'ing *seale*.  
 What by your *judgements*, and the *Church*, is

set  
*Religion's standard*, vindicate; abet  
 No *Partisans* of faction, nor relieve  
 The plaintiffe *Schismatike*, th' accus'd to grieve.  
 Head no *disjointed Members*, nor adhere  
 To *Privilegiates*, in hope, or feare;  
 For the *complying hearts*, you gaine, are such  
 As, when you in Religion *ben* will crouch,  
 While the more upright *Votaries* impute,  
 That you their fayth *despise*, them *persecute*.

With *charity*, and *calmnesse*, recompose  
 Impartially divided spirits, but those  
 That upon interest *Rebellion* raise,  
 Out of *Church-ruines* to repaire decaies,  
 Chastise by *Iustice*, or with *forces* scatter,  
 So neither *Faction* need you *feare*, or *flatter*;  
 For if their *courtesie* you *want*, my Son,  
 I antedate your doome, You are *undone*,  
 If *Innocence* mistake her mate, in love  
 Bill

Bill selfe.

## 12      *The Royall Missive.*

Bill with the *Serpent*, He'll devoure y<sup>e</sup> *Dove*.  
 None wil you finde lesse loyall, just, humane,  
 Then *Rebells* that *Religion's* name prophane;  
 All their demands, and actions, which surmount  
*Reason*, or rule, they place to *Gods* account;  
 Vnder whose Colours, and Heav'n's Canopie,  
*Ambition* marcheth, with slie *Policie*,  
 Secure and confident of the applause  
 Common *Devotion* offer's to *God's Cause*.

Thus may you from their covenanted Bands  
 Heare *Jacob's* voice, but shall feel *Esfau's* hāds.  
*England* lesse no usurping *Faction* fear'd,  
 Of late yeares, then *Presbyterie*, which appear'd  
 Most *Sainly* modest, humbly retrograde  
 From their forefathers boldnesse to invade;  
 Nor, when they most in *Consistorie* fate,  
 Could they strike terrour in my *Church*, or  
*State*;

But since phantastike *Frowardnesse* divides  
 My double-byass'd People into sides,  
 As corrupt *Humours*, fond some *Fever's* name  
 To get, meet in full furie to inflame:  
 So doe's each scatter'd discontented *Passion*  
 Here rendezvous, some in choice, some for  
*fashion*,  
 While this *New Light*, shot from the *Northerne*  
*Starre*,  
*Religion* guide's, by *Parliament*, to Warre.

At

## The Royall Missive. 13

At first the pettie *Factions* were the *suite*  
Of this great *Rabbi*, crouch'd & kiss'd his feet,  
Till *Time* experience gave, & *Warre's* successe  
Leisure to search, discoverie to guesse  
Each at peculiar *int'rest*, that invite's  
To divide *spoiles*, and *sequester'd* delights;  
To breake *Religion's* Rock for a new *Trade*  
By *partie - profits*, or *preferments*, made;  
This to *Church* ruine, and *Republike*, wrought;  
And on *Presbyterie* self - confusion brought;  
Dash'd his first hopes, when chosen *Generall*,  
He mean't no *sharing* *stakes*, but *sweeping all*.

Have nothing despicable in your eye  
That threaten's the *Church - peace* or *Piety*;  
*Errors*, and *schismes*, presented from a farre  
But as *Night - cloud - foyles* for Heaven's bright  
fac't starre,

Chace from your *Church - horizon*, and dispell,  
By early censure, each to its darke cell,  
Lest what seeme's a *petitionarie hand*  
Or'cloud you, spread into an Armed Band.

The *Temple* cleansed, and ye *Altars* dress'd,  
*Religion* preserv'd, beautified, profess'd;  
To God, his *Church*, your *Soul*, due justice done;  
*Truth*, though betwée two crucified, kep't one;  
Ascend your high *Tribunal*, judge each cause  
By your inheritance, the *Kingdome's* lawes:  
For as your great *Fate* in that Orbe doth roll,

So



# 14 *The Royall Missive.*

So your good *Ruling-Star* turne's on this pole;  
Whose mixed influence may wonder bring,  
That set's your *Subject free*, yet keepe's you  
*King*,

If you know true *Prerogative's* to have  
A happy people *Servant*, no poore *Slave*;  
Whose safety, peace, and property preserv'd,  
Import's no pamper'd *Body*, with *Head* serv'd.  
*Ingenuous Liberty* doe's not restraine  
The right-hand priviledge to hold the reigne,  
Fed with the fruits of a joint care, 'tis meant  
You *guide*, they *draw*, the Chariot, by consent.

Charge not your head with such a massie  
*Crowne*,

As sinke's the body and supporters downe;  
From which nor strength, nor honour, can  
you have,

Nor hope they 'll rise from ruine you to save.

Best may you *Royalty* from rumours quit,  
When you *intend* not *rigour*, but *remit*;  
For while by justice you *oppresse*, not *awe*,  
You play the *Tyrant* with a *ruling Lawe*.

The censure of the raving *World* to me  
Is no reproach, so I a *Martyr* be,

And such I am, who suffer, to maintaine  
Fix't *Laws*, set- *VVorship* of my Sovereigne;  
Naught else my *Kingdome*. - *troublers* can object  
But that these from their *changes* I protect;

That



## The Royall Missive.

15

That I preferre the *Oracles*, I found  
By *sun-rayes* writ, to *darke dreames* they pro-  
pound;

And shall, till better *Reason* me perswade  
Then *Tumules*, *Armies*, *Prisons*, which invade.

I can not yet that uncouth lesson learne,  
Nor you, I hope, when at the *Kingdome's* sterne,  
That it is safe for us *Kings* to recant  
Our *Lawes* for *Faction's* violence, or taunt;  
O, for their feigned courtesie, unfold  
Those *sacred sheetes*, where *Wisdom* hath en-  
roll'd

The *Publike Interest*, and gratifie  
VVith new *Indentures* raz'd *Communitie*.

VVhat, to alleviate my pressing weights;  
Heav'n may contrive; how to enlarge my  
freights;

How it will crosse unnaturall intents  
Of *Hands*, becoming *Heads* of *Instruments*;  
How into *order* such *confusion* bring;  
Reduce to *subject* each become *halfe-King*;  
I can't determine, nor will take much care  
How in the hands of unjust men I fare,  
VVhile in the *Empire* of my *soul* I hold  
*Justice* by God and *Conscience* uncontroll'd.

VVhat *Reason*, *Honour*, *Conscience*, could  
permit

To my concession, I indulged it,

ALL

*The Royall Missive.*

All *strain'd* & *length* by offers to Reforme  
 Regarding onely safety in the *storme*;  
 Or'e-nice in no reserves, but where *consent*  
 Must needs betray all due meanes to prevent  
 Irreparable violences to  
 My *soul*, the *Church*, my *People*, Son, & you,  
 VVho in the issues of my *Grants* have share,  
 As of my Kingdomes next *undoubted* heire.



